



Savage of the Sewer by **meguhanu**

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Summary: ON HOLD FOR AWHILE Sequel to Savior in the Rain
Maggie survived Pennywise and his murder spree in 1989. Now 27 years later, she tries to survive the wrath of the clown as he tortures her mentally and physically; while he uses her as bait for the rest of the Losers who have come together to save their friend from the entity.

1. Chapter 1

Savage of the Sewer

Sequel to Savior in the Rain

All I saw was darkness. It was as black as night. I felt my body floating and I couldn't move. I was frozen in place.

'Am I dead?' I asked myself. I looked around, for anyone who could answer my questions. It felt like I was all there, but nowhere at the same time.

I didn't see a white light, and I didn't feel as though I was pulled into hell. I was a good girl. I was a fighter and a whole hearted person all around.

I tried to remember what had happened before I found myself in this blackness.

'The last thing I remember was being smashed by that clown. He had bitten me again and then I passed out near the well in my basement. I also remember the video chat with Eddie after I found a dead child at my front door,' I said to myself.

"Fucking clown," I said shaking my head and then I remembered I was injured before I fell in this blackness. I felt my shoulder to see if I was still hurt.

I felt my blood seeping down my arm and I clenched my hand into a fist with rage and anger.

No matter what I did that clown had a taste for my shoulder flesh.

This clown wasn't going to win. Eddie knew where I was. He knew the entrance to the sewers.

He and the rest of the gang would come for me. I held out to hope.

Until they got to me, I had to help myself.

I slapped myself, trying to wake up.

"Wake up!" I yelled slapping myself across the face over and over again.

Even if I was dreaming, the pain was certainly real. My face was beginning to swell up. I felt it getting puffy from the pain.

It wasn't working so I started screaming to myself, as loud as I could.

"Wake up! Wake up!" I screamed as loud and as pitched as I could.

It seemed to work because then I opened my eyes and I was looking up at the ceiling.

I gasped myself awake.

I bolted upwards, but then I noticed my hands were touching nothing but air.

I looked down and I was floating above the tower of toys in Pennywise's lair.

I gasped aloud in fright, while I slowly started floating downwards.

I didn't understand how I had gotten to be floating up in the air like all the dead children were all those years ago when I had my first confrontation with Pennywise.

I looked around down below as I descended towards the ground. But I had to keep quiet. I had to be sneaky.

I didn't see the clown anywhere.

As my body got closer to the surface, I calmly let my feet touch the ground first, so I was in a standing position.

I tried putting weight on my feet but I was extremely weak.

My whole body ached. My head hurt as did my face.

I calmly touched my cheek but it hurt as I grazed my fingers over it.

'I must have hit myself while I was trapped inside my subconscious state of mind,' I thought to myself.

Looking down at myself, my jeans were ripped showing off my legs, my tank top was ripped letting a little bit of my flat stomach show and I had lost a shoe.

My cheek was swollen, my lip was cut and most of my hair was wet from the rain that had come through the grate ceiling.

Gasping in anger and pain, I tried to stand up, but I instantly fell back down. My own strength had left me a long time ago.

My stomach growled in hunger but I ignored it.

How my stomach could ask for food in a time like this was beyond me.

'How much time has passed? How long have I been here?' I asked.

I tried reaching for my phone but then I remembered that it was left at Neibolt house.

"Damn," I whispered.

I had no choice but to start crawling to the open door on the other side of the cistern.

Then I heard rustling from behind me.

Slowly I peeked behind my legs but thankfully it was just a sewer rat rummaging through some of the garbage.

I growled at the rat as it made its way towards me. It squeaked at me, almost as if it was laughing at me.

Then it jumped on my legs and scurried its tiny feet over my legs and up my back.

"Get the fuck off me!" I cried out, slapping the rat off my body.

I shivered in disgust.

'That's just what I need; to be bit by a rat and end up with rabies,' I thought.

I continued to crawl towards the rim of the wall, far away from the base

of the wagon tower.

Just then I heard it. The soft giggling which turned into a full blown fit of laughter.

And it was laughter I recognized.

I slowly lifted my face so I was glancing at a pair of feet standing in front of me, blocking my path to safety.

I recognized those shoes and those tiny orange pompoms on the end of them.

"YOU!" I said looking up.

IT stood in front of me, looking down on me like hunter about to devour its prey.

"Welcome back to the world of the living," he giggled.

He squatted down, taking my chin in his massive hand.

"Get your slimy mitts off of me," I growled.

He slid his neck to the side, staring at me.

"Still the same attitude," he shakily said.

I watched the drool slither its way out of his mouth and land on my swollen cheek.

"You're weak," I said to him.

His grip got tighter.

"As are you," he growled.

"We can change that," he said.

He took his hand from behind his back and shoved a small kid's finger in to my mouth as if he wanted me to eat it.

I choked and gagged trying to spit out the human part.

"I thought you loved finger foods," giggled Pennywise.

He placed his hand over my mouth so I couldn't spit it out.

It tasted like garbage and blood all rolled into one.

I choked and gagged some more and the clown had no choice but to let his hand loose so I could spit out the human remain.

"No finger food for you. I guess that must be this new generation of kids," he said.

He walked in a circle around me.

"You know a lot of them are massively overweight and obese?" he asked.

I looked up at his amber eyes.

"That's my kind of food," he said with a wicked smile.

"You won't win," I said as I spit drool in his face.

Pennywise wiped away the spittle off of his cheek.

He growled before lifting my weak body up by my throat and he held onto my arms, making me stare up at him.

He showed his front buck teeth to me in a twisted smile. And it wasn't a pleasant smile. It was wicked and mischievous.

He leaned in towards me.

"I already have," he said.

Then he made me turn around and look up.

There were maybe five or six kids already fell victim to the clown; and they were floating up in the air.

I gasped aloud.

After all the precautions I took; after everything I had done to protect this generation of children, it felt like it was all for nothing.

I felt defeated.

"It's all happening again," I mumbled.

"That it is Maggie. That it is," giggled the clown.

His grip didn't falter once.

This time around he felt more powerful, stronger.

Like a savage.

**AN: WELL HERE YOU GO GUYS! AFTER MANY PEOPLE ASKING
FOR THE SEQUEL, YOU GUYS GOT YOUR WISH!**

**THE FIRST CHAPTER TO THE SEQUEL TO SAVIOR IN THE RAIN.
I JUST CAN'T WAIT 2 YEARS TO TYPE THE CONTINUATION OF
THE STORY.**

MAGGIE'S JOURNEY IS NOW IN FULL SWING

HAPPY HOLIDAYS EVERYONE

2. Chapter 2

Savage of the Sewer

After what had seemed liked days, I had laid in the garbage and nasty shitty water without moving at all. I was slowly dying; starving to death.

My stomach had stopped growling.

I know it hadn't been a long time.

Any normal person could survive without food for three weeks.

Water was a different story. Some people could only go for a few days without it.

I wasn't hungry or thirsty at the moment, but that was a bad side. That means my organs were shutting down.

I was at my wits end.

I coughed a little bit.

All I could hear was my breath and the occasional scream of another child that was claimed by the clown. I couldn't help them now.

I glanced up now and again to look at my reflection in an old hubcap that was near the stairway to the wagon Pennywise called home.

I had dark circles under my eyes, my cuts and bruises were not healing.

My eyebrow hair was starting to fall out, and the once beautiful gleam of my emerald eyes was darkened and fading, just as my spirit was.

An orange light from inside the wagon was my only friend next to the decaying rotten clothing left over from his victims.

I felt as if I wanted to die.

I rolled over on my back, looking up at the floating kids. There was now what seemed to be 10 or more above me.

I was too tired to take a count and I was too tired to sleep.

Their blood dripped down, right into the shitty water below them, and some landed on my face.

Taking my hand I wiped off the blood and looked at it on my hand. It was so warm and red.

I seriously considered licking it, just to give my body some nourishment but I wasn't a vampire.

I wiped the blood off on my shirt.

I frowned sadly.

"I'm sorry," I said thinking I failed.

I sighed quietly, wanting to cry, but I felt my tear ducts were as dry as the Sahara desert.

"Are you punishing me? What did I do to deserve this?" I asked to the heavens above. To God.

I was dying slowly.

Now I knew how those animals on Animal Cops felt.

But they didn't have a human voice to speak for them until another human did. Some never had a chance to fight back. I did.

'Dead or alive; surrender or fight? Death would be a welcome pleasure right now,' I thought.

'Maggie! No! Don't give up the fight!' my subconscious mind screamed at me.

'He has me right where he always wanted me,' I answered back.

'You want to see Eddie again don't you?! You want to feel his lips on yours. You want to see those beautiful puppy dog eyes. You maybe even want to walk down the aisle with him? You didn't survive and live in that house for those long years just to give up now!' my mind hollered at me.

"Eddie," I mumbled.

I saw his face smiling back at me. I smiled thinking of him. He was my first and only love.

I wanted to see him again. I loved him so much. I fought for him. I saved him and he saved me as well.

If I was dead, the pain would stop and I could be at eternal peace, but then all that planning and protecting this generation would die with me. Eddie would surely mourn me. I couldn't leave him.

I didn't want to die in vain.

The thought of seeing Eddie again brought me back from seeing a bright white light ahead of me.

The clown would win. I couldn't allow that to happen.

"NO," I mumble quietly.

Suddenly, I felt the clown grab my arm and hoist me up.

My body had no choice but to obey as I was in no condition to fight him off.

Some of the sewer water dripped out of my hair before it plastered itself against my bare skin.

I didn't even hear or see him coming.

I opened and closed my eyes staring at his blood stained mouth, while groaning.

I saw he had a mouth full of bloody teeth, as he had just finished dining on a small teenager.

I groaned aloud in disgust, gagging at the sight of him.

"Talking to yourself?" he asked me.

I smiled at Pennywise before brining my hand up weakly and tapped him over the head lightly as if I was trying to hit him.

"What game are you playing by keeping me alive?" I asked him.

I let my head drop down, but Pennywise caught my head against his silver costumed chest.

I couldn't hear a heartbeat.

No surprise there because monsters have no hearts. All they do is hunt and kill.

"The game is just starting and you are my favorite player," he said.

He swung my arms around in a playful manner, as if I was a marionette and he had me by my strings.

I didn't fight back.

I couldn't. I was too weak.

"Kill me," I said.

"Now now, where is that fighting spirit you had at Neibolt house? Where is that girl?" he asked me.

"She's still here. Just sleeping," I mumbled.

"It's time for you to wake up," said Pennywise.

"Go to hell," I mumble.

I was at the point of passing out again.

Pennywise could see how weak I was. He lifted me up bridal style.

"What are you doing?" I asked him.

This was awkward.

He carried me to the inside of the wagon. I looked around as best I could.

There was a queen sized bed in the far corner that reeked of death and decay.

I covered my mouth to keep from vomiting with whatever was inside my stomach.

And I thought the outside was bad. This was ten times worse

The pillows were brown from dried bloodstains.

The sheets smelled like trash and were also stained with fresh blood. And on top of that there was some muddy sewer water gathering in the middle of the mattress, like a puddle.

"Don't put me there," I said.

I tried to wiggle out of his arms, but the clown held me tight, before he dropped me on the bed.

I gasped as I splashed on the worst bed I had ever laid eyes on.

The water landed all over me, soaking me wetter than I had already been.

"Stay here," Pennywise said.

"Like that's going to happen," I answered back.

I made my way to get off the bed, but then the clown attacked me.

He grabbed my left wrist, entrapping it with a rusty chain.

He locked the other end of the chain to the bedframe, keeping me there. He put a combination lock on the end of the chain.

"What the hell are you doing?!" I screamed.

I pulled my arm to get the chain to break, but instead the chain gave me a pinch on my left index finger, and a small cut that started to bleed.

Pennywise saw the cut and immediately grabbed my finger and put it in his mouth, sucking on my blood.

"You sick son of a bitch! Let go!" I screamed.

With every ounce of energy and fighting spirit I had left, I lifted my free legs and kicked him in the stomach.

That got him to release me.

He stumbled back to the edge of the wagon, clutching his stomach, obviously in pain.

He tilted his head and looked at me. He didn't look happy. His amber eyes were now red with anger.

"Oh shit," I mumbled.

The clown slowly stood to his full height of 6ft 4in and then smiled down at me. All of a sudden, he looked happy and he started to applaud me.

He even bowed at me in a royal fashion.

"There she is. There is that fighting Maggie I know and love," he said.

"What?" I asked in confusion.

"I knew if the situation called for it, you would fight back," he said.

"What is with you and all these games?" I asked him.

"Stay here. I'll know if you escape," he said before he started to shape shift into a normal handsome 27 year old young man.

The silver white Victorian clown costume was gone and replaced with a plain white t shirt and a pair of blue skinny jeans.

I was dumbstruck.

I glanced at the handsome young man before me. What entranced me the most was his eyes; the eyes of the killer clown were gone and left with some of the most beautiful large blue eyes I had ever seen.

"Where are you going?" I called to him.

The clown was gone and now here I was with a handsome young man with sharp defined features and with lips as full as rose in blossom. But I knew the beast was still behind the beauty.

"Pennywise!" I called to him

Pennywise popped his head back in and smiled a wicked grin at me. The smile was still the same. It was wicked and evil.

"Call me Bob Gray," he said.

He winked at me before disappearing from my sight leaving me more confused than ever.

3. Chapter 3

Savage of the Sewer

I had been left all alone inside the wagon in the filth and the trash.

I was dizzy beyond belief and I couldn't move my arm, thanks to that damn clown chaining my arm up so I wouldn't escape, not that I could anyway.

I was too weak and tired. All the fight I had in me was gone.

Looking down at my stomach, I could see my ribs protruding outwards.

It made me sick to see myself so thin.

I shook my head while my vision traveled down my legs to my bare feet that were black as night from the mud and sewer water that had gathered on them from my time down here.

"Where are you guys?" I asked letting my head fall back onto the bed frame.

Would they come for me?

Ben and Bill and the rest of the gang?

I closed my eyes, letting my exhaustion take me to the brink of dreamland.

So far going there was my only escape from this hellhole.

Since my body couldn't, my thoughts could.

They took me miles away from where I was.

I remembered taking a small vacation two years ago to a town over the border of the USA.

It was called Port Hope.

It wasn't as small as I thought but it was a great escape from Derry, even though the town itself looked like Derry.

Its' residents were very friendly and welcoming, unlike my hometown.

There were lots of stores and small restaurants.

I was alone on my vacation, but just seeing all the people, being so welcoming made me feel like I was home.

I sighed heavily, thinking about the kids that had grown up and moved away from Derry all those years ago. I hope they had found a town like that.

Someplace that they could call home.

Thanks to social media, I had kept in touch with mostly Eddie.

Everyone else I had friends on Facebook.

So far everyone's lives seemed to have changed for the better.

Bev being a fashion designers, and Ben an architect. He even lost all the weight and put on a ton of muscle.

Stan I knew was having the worse of the lives he could have.

He never really recovered from the trauma of Pennywise's attack.

He would come too would't he?

Then I thought I heard a noise come from outside the wagon.

It brought me out of my thoughts and daydreams.

Opening my eyes a bit, I let my head fall to the side, while watching for someone, anyone, to appear in the doorway

I heard more rustling. I wasn't imagining it.

"Hello?" I asked silently, but loud enough for anyone who was outside could hear me talk.

I heard it again. I leaned up on the bed.

"Hello?" I asked louder this time.

I weakly stood up.

No one appeared.

"I'm losing it," I said, putting my free hand over my eyes, rubbing my forehead.

I sat back down on the nasty bed.

"You never really had it to begin with," said a familiar voice from the doorway.

I looked up and saw "Bob Gray" standing in the doorframe. He leaned against the frame, with his legs crossed.

In his hands he held what looked to be packages.

"And so it returns," I huffed.

I rolled my eyes.

"Is that any way to talk to someone who brought you some nourishment?" he asked me lifting up the bags.

"What?" I asked him looking at his large blue eyes.

If I didn't know this guy was a killer clown in disguise I would almost be attracted to him right now.

But I knew better. I knew what and who this entity was. He was a murderer and a monster.

My emerald eyes glanced at him again.

His skin was so pure and smooth. His body was lean and I could see slight muscles under his white shirt. He was very handsome to look at.

His voice brought me back to reality.

"I brought you some food. You're no good to me if you die of starvation," he said.

He walked towards me, and kneeled down in front of me so our eyes were

level with each other.

"Brought you some salad and chicken. No bread or dressing," said Bob smiling at me and then he winked at me.

I looked at his lips, and his smile was the same as the clowns'.

It was pointed upwards into his cheeks.

It made me uncomfortable.

I looked away until he placed the packages of food on my lap.

I could smell the hot chicken and my stomach rumbled silently, the first time in days too.

It wanted the food. I had to eat.

I was at a loss for words. I didn't know what to do.

"Why?" I asked him slightly shaking with tremors in my voice.

Bob turned towards his gaze towards me, letting his blue eyes glare me down.

It was terrifying to say the least.

My body froze.

"Are you going deaf too?" he asked me.

He stood to his full height and looked down on me.

"You're no good to me dead," he said.

He took the chain and released me from my binds.

I rubbed my free arm massaging it from the pain and marks the chain had left.

"Eat," he demanded.

He walked out of the wagon leaving me in alone and in peace.

I heard the lock click on the outside.

I was locked in.

Looking around the room, this was the last place I ever wanted to eat a meal, but now I had no choice. Even with my hands as dirty as they were I took great care to eat my meal.

I didn't hesitate to open the white bag and let the huge chicken Caesar salad open, just begging me to be eaten.

I grabbed the fork and slowly started to get the nourishment into my body.

The food tasted so good. I ate slowly and made sure to chew every bite.

I didn't want to throw it all up.

I didn't know if the food I was given was poisoned or not, but like Pennywise said, he needed me alive.

Outside the wagon, Bob smiled while listening to me gobble up my food.

He smiled wickedly then made his way back towards the surface.

He had something or rather someone to take care of.

And there was no time to waste.

The Losers' were back in town and it was time to make a grand entrance.

**HAPPY NEW YEAR EVERYONE! THOUGHT I'D END THIS YEAR
WITH WHAT I LOVE DOING! WRITING!**

-FROM MEGHAN

4. Chapter 4

Author's note

Hey guys yes I know you are all asking for an update

But unfortunately I can't update because I don't know where to go from here

I have not read the novel and I don't have time to.

I work fulltime, I go to the gym, and I also have a horse that needs attending to

But I promise you this is NOT the end of Maggie and Pennywise. Their story is going to go on.

I have full intention to keep writing this story after the second film comes out next year in September.

Yes I know that' a very long wait but it'll come to us in no time!

I want to follow the movie's storyline like I did with Savior in the Rain

I hope you all can be understanding of my decision and please don't message me or bring me hate to a story that I have poured my heart and soul into.

Thank you all!

Don't forget

You'll Float Again!

-Meghan